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Liz Waldner

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## *Liz Waldner*

### AMEN (ON CHRISTMAS DAY)

#### Prologue

Rejoice all my hours—  
let me, ok? (may I, mom)  
I do, anyway—  
a fair job.

#### The Play

When in these them all mine heures  
I do rejoice like smelling fleurs  
well then bethink me mayhaps betide  
of a redhaired man whom I much done sighed.

Last nighten kneed down before candle light;  
cried for them I loves and have and lost,  
glad of life the shining, shining on all that shineth not,  
said, “It’s ok god if you kill me now—I liked it a lot.”

A man had toyed with me and I had broke inside  
(if I’d a lyre the sing might song me together again);  
I was the king’s horse and by god as the king was a man  
how he did flog me for so short a ride  
and breachèd sad.

So it’s hey, nonny nonny—no, it is not. It’s  
the birth, the afterbirth, the maiden, the wench,  
the blood on the sawdust, the warm stench.  
I tried, you man, you imman, twice.  
Gimme flowers.